

Poetry.

A Blizzard Story.

The Parson's Way—How the Church Opened Its Doors to the Snow Bound.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS.

(From the Transcript.)

Your parson's personality is here,
Now looks like me, my son,
Take up my advice, by way of change,
An' let your person alone.

Let a person hear his head, I say,
An' let the religion free;

An' like as not he'll get over the ground
With any one who hev.

I used to talk your way, myself—
All sorts o' fool things I'd say;

But I've thought different persons
Ever since the blizzard day.

Twas this way, I've got a baby—
This is—well, he's very well;

But he's small, and he's one who hev,
An' he's about as good as gold.

Pretty! I wish you could see him,
This is a picture in the State;

An' ringed me as a phoo-knot,

But then he wasn't so great.

For strength, I mean. He was weakly;
And I had a fit with his head;

And Charity, that's my wife, yes sir;

She freed herself high dear.

An' the short of it was, I must take the child

To New York doctor there,

An' find out what was the matter;

An' put the kid under his care.

Well, we starte this day last winter;

"I was snowin' some when we left,

But I neva' thought o' weather.

An' I thought we'd done with the heat.

But when we got into New York State

The blizzard began to blow!

An' all in minus the hell live world

Was a flyin' whirr o' snow.

An' the screachin' wind it swooped an' tore,

An' rattled about that train.

Till there war'n't the coldest hand on board

But wished ho was home again.

With thick white sheets along its sides,

An' drifts heaped on its back,

The train, like a great white snake half-dead,

Was wriggle along the track.

An' it pranted, stand as dyin' th' stag

(The engine, ye understand).

Es up it asked the right will,

"How mite we look if I can stand?"

An' now we'd stop to clear the track,

An' then pile on a bit;

An' all the while that blizzard blew

As if it was a' stirs the st.

An' little Jeff he says to me,

"Oh don't this is a flyin' night?

"I ain't comin' out to see nothin';

But in the park is white!"

At last we come to station,

An' that the offens' spacial

Likes a chink o' fire in the moutains,

Ain't it white an' will,

An' here we stop!" the conductor says,

"The longs trip for us!"

An' the driver he said nothing,

Only jest to far an' cuss.

Wat, that was more enuff around the train

Then ever I heard before;

An' it was all mixed up with the whinin' snow

An' the blizzard's rushin' roar.

So, ther were with the station full—

That was ev'ry train docked fast,

An' just as my luck would have it,

Our train came in the last.

I took my baby in my arms,

An' tried to get inside;

But this folks was packed so tight,

May be in if they'd tried.

So I wrapped him up in my coat an' stood

In a corner against the wall;

An' after that, Fer as I could see,

There was nothing to do at all.

But spend the night in that freazin' place,

In the bitter cold an' the snow,

An' whether the child would live it through

Was more that I could know.

But he—wah—stil—that little chap,

He jest up his lip,

Says, "Kiss me, poppy! It's pooy cold

But I neva' foy my girl."

I tell ye, girl! I never care

So near to losin' mine;

As when he spoke up so sweet an' chirp,

As though not boy but bby.

Jest then there comes a move in the crowd,

An' I leavin' what I was sayin'

"That person is 'on' to speak!"

Let's hear what he's got to say!"

I looked, and saw a railshain man,

With cleat, boot, and hawk,

A standin' on a trunk or box,

An' just beginnin' to talk.

Says he, "geet's house's open;

Open and bright, and warm;

And all his children can rest them there,

Safe sheltered from the storm."

That was all. A man-on's silence,

Like taking breath, and then—

Wal, over the blizzards mouth was shot

By the wild "murrat" of the men.

Just how we got there I never knew,

I reckoned he led the way.

An' showed us into the great white church,

All clear an' bright as day.

An' warm—they talk about June, sir,

An' call it perfection, an' that,

I tell ye, that church on the blizzard night,

Just suited my notions, just.

An' then in a cushioned corner, warm,

I laid my bby to sleep,

As snug as it was his own small crib,

Where he alus loves to creep.

But I lookin' an' thinkin'

As I never thought before,

An' the words that parson spoke, sir,

Came over me more an' more.

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Farm and Family

Shall We Dig the Garden in the Spring?

Some years ago the writer was sowing a thirty acre field to barley. The field was in corn the previous year, and was well plowed in the autumn after the corn was gathered. Our plan was to cultivate and harrow the land in the spring and drill in the barley—no plowing. But for some reason a strip running across the lot was plowed in the spring. All the rest of the field was sown without plowing. The drill ran across the unplowed strip of land. When the barley began to show above ground, and for a week or ten days later, one could see to an inch, all across the field, just where the land had been plowed. On the plowed strip the barley was many days later in germinating than on the unplowed land.

I could not at first account for the fact, but after thinking over the matter I came to the conclusion that the plowed land was much colder than the unplowed land. During the winter all the land was frozen solid, a foot or more deep. In the spring, as soon as the snow disappeared, the sun warmed the surface soil; and as soon as it was dry enough we commenced to stir it with the harrow and cultivator, working the top soil three or four inches deep, and admitting the rays of the sun. But on the plowed strip this warm surface soil was plowed under, and the cold, almost frozen earth underneath was turned up and the barley drilled into it. Looking at it in this light, no wonder the barley was slow in germinating.

It was a new idea to me, and I have been acting upon it ever since, not only on the farm, but in the garden. For our earliest pens we do not wait till the soil in the garden is dry enough to dig. As soon as the frost is out of the surface we make the rows with a hoe, two or three inches wide and about two inches deep, and sow the peas in the row. If the day is sunny and the earth dry, the soil on the surface will be light and dry and we cover the peas by putting this light, dry soil on top of the peas with a steel rake. Sometimes we strew a little horse litter along the rows as a protection from probable frosts to come. But with or without this, we have never known the peas to be injured. In fact, we have several years started the pens in the house, and planted them, as above, in the rows in the garden when the sprouts were from half an inch to an inch long, and, so far as we know, have not lost a pea, though we are careful to sow pretty thickly, and should not be likely to miss any fifteen per cent. of them were killed.—American Agriculturist.

Culture of Small Farms.

At a recent flower show at Hawardenton, W. E. Gladstone delivered an interesting address, containing many practical suggestions, staying among other things:

"You delight in these beautiful things; but, after all, in the first place, you are almost compelled, also, to contemplate the subject with a view to profit. I want to say one or two things to you upon that subject. There is an immense deal to be done in this country in small parcels, in small details, upon patches and limited areas of ground. To extend that by what I may in the rough call spade-cultivation is a matter, regarded in the aggregate, of enormous national importance. You will understand that I use that phrase in a large sense, covering by it everything, in point of fact, that is done by the human hand in detail by minute care and constant watchfulness, and all the incidents of the weather and other circumstances. Now this is a very large question. If you go across the channel into France, where the land is very much more subdivided than it is in this country, you will find there that what is called 'the small culture' is pursued by millions of the population, and there is no doubt at all about it, that a large part of the wealth of France arises from that kind of work, which some people think insignificant when they look at it in detail, but which, when, as I have said, it is all accumulated and is put together comes to be of enormous national importance."

"Some thirty or forty years ago the landlords of this country had the most unfortunate passion for what was called consolidating farms, and they thought that was the secret of good economical cultivation and high rents, not as against the farmer, but high rents together with good circumstances for the farmer. Then some people went a little further, and thought that machinery was going to produce in agriculture the astonishing results that it produced in manufacture. You know that in the staple manufactures of the country machinery has put down and has driven out of the market what used to be called hand labor. Now, with regard to the land the landlords have had a great lesson, which I have no doubt they will profit. They have gone through a very severe crisis in the last ten years, and it has been observed, perhaps all through the country, that the small farms have done better than the large; or, at all events, as another way of putting it, that the large farms have done worse than the small. In a very great degree the circumstances have been terribly against them; but that, I believe, has been the case. You see there was a great movement tending to remove all agricultural production away from the human land. Well, this more favorable or less unfavorable experience of the small farms shows you that that may be overdone, and that there is a great deal to be got out of the human hand, using the spade and other implements, applying to the soil more radical processes of exposure to the air, that can very well be applied by agricultural machinery, and leading to your obtaining from the surface of the earth a far greater aggregate product than has ever yet been got—possibly than ever will be got—by scientific processes and by wholesale processes of agriculture. A great many people are very much alarmed about over-population. I do not so much believe in over-population as many people do. I think that, if the land is made the best use of, the result will be that it will feed a great many more people than when its resources are not properly turned to account."

Recipes for the Table.

COOKIES.—One cup of sour cream, one cup of butter, two cups sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, flour to mix with.

BAKED CABBAGE.—Fill a pudding dish with cold boiled cabbage chopped very fine; pour over it two well-beaten eggs, and milk enough to cover the whole. Sprinkle cracker crumbs over the top and bake until a rich brown.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, four cups of sifted flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers, put jelly between them and let it brown.

CHEESE PIE.—Stir to a cream one tablespoonful of butter and one-half cup of sugar; add two beaten eggs, one ta-

blespoonful of flour, one cup of milk; bake with an under crust only and grate nutmeg over the top.

RICHE CHOUQUETTES.—Boil one-half cup of rice in a quart of sweet milk or water with a little salt until soft, add half a cup of butter, two beaten eggs, and a little cornstarch, cut any shape desired, and drop into hot lard, or fry with a small quantity of butter or lard.

SPOON LILIES.—Sponge lilies are sometimes seen. A plain sponge cake drop is made, somewhat larger than the ordinary drop, and while warm it is folded together in the shape of a calyx and fastened with a toothpick.—When ready to serve these shells are filled with whipped cream and the pick removed.

BISCUIT CHEESE.—Slice into very thin pieces about a quarter of a pound of fresh cheese. Let this stand on the stove for a few minutes after adding butter about the size of half an egg, and a little pepper and salt. Then sprinkle cracker dust until the desired consistency is reached.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—Five cupfuls of sifted flour, two cupfuls brown sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, one or two of sour milk or clabber, five eggs, one tablespoonful of ginger, one of allspice, one of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in syrup.

HONEY GEMS.—Two cups of honey, one egg, one small tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a pint of boiling water. Beat the egg thoroughly, then add the other ingredients, and thin with the boiling water until it will pour easily, and bake in gem tins in a hot oven. These are simple and easily made, but very nice indeed.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Put a layer of the crackers in a buttered pudding-dish. Just moisten the crackers with a mixture of oyster liquor and milk, and cover with a layer of oysters seasoned with pepper, salt and butter. Cover with another layer of moistened crackers, then oysters and crackers on top. The top layer should be thicker than the rest, made more moist and dotted with bits of butter. Cover and bake in a well-heated oven one hour. Then remove cover, set upon upper grating and brown.

CORN FLUTTERS.—One coffee-cup of corn meal or ground corn, one of sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, salt, and flour to make quite a stiff batter. Drop with a spoon into boiling lard. These fritters taste like fried oysters.

OYSTERS MACARONI.—Boil macaroni in a cloth to keep it straight; put a layer in a baking dish and season with salt, pepper and butter; then put in a layer of oysters, and so on until the dish is full. Mix grated bread with beaten eggs; spread over the top and bake.

SWEET SOYA CAKE.—Take one and a half pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, three eggs well beaten, and a small teaspoonful of soda in a teacup of sour cream; add rose water, and nothing to taste; work until very smooth; roll out and cut into cakes.

PENNITH Pudding.—Cut thin slices of stale bread, butter and spread them with stewed cranberries; make a custard by mixing one pint of milk with two well beaten eggs and four table-spoons of sugar; if not sufficient, to cover the bread double the quantity; bake until the custard is set; serve cold.

UNITED STATES CAKE.—One cup of brown sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves, half a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of chopped raisins and two cups of flour.

POTATO SALAD.—Cold boiled potatoes sliced very thin, three hard-boiled eggs, one small onion chopped fine; season with salt and pepper, and pour over dressing made of the yolk of one egg stirred into a half teaspoon made mustard and one tablespoon strong vinegar; heat in a dish three tablespoons of sweet cream and the white of one egg beaten to a froth.

SMOTHERED QUAIL.—Pick, split down the back, remove all inside and wash thoroughly with salt and warm water; drain well, rub with flour and place in a baking pan, breast down; sprinkle with salt and pepper, and on each bird lay a piece of butter; keep plenty of water in the pan to keep from scorching. Bake a deep brown.

TOMATO SOUP.—One small beef bone, two quarts of water, salt to season, boil about two hours, then add one can of tomatoes, boil fifteen minutes, add pepper and strain.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—The yolks of three eggs, beaten quite light, five tablespoonfuls of white sugar, the juice of two and the grated rind of one orange, a little salt and one cupful of cream. Mix all well together; then add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, stir lightly and bake slowly.

A ROLY POLLY.—Beat together two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one egg, two cupfuls of cream, half a glass of wine, three cupfuls of flour, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, half a pound of seeded raisins. Pour into a pudding bag and boil for three hours. When done serve hot with a cream sauce.

BLANKE MAGGIE.—Put into a bowl about a pint of clear calf's foot jelly, warm; break six eggs, beat the yolks, and pour them gradually into the jelly, beating all the time; put on the fire and stir till nearly boiling; set it on ice or in cold water, keep stirring till nearly cold, and fill mold. Add whatever flavor liked.

SOURCE FOR FISH.—Take the yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of vinegar, quarter of a pound of butter, a little salt. Stir over a slow fire till it thickens.

BROILED KIDNEYS.—Split the kidneys lengthwise and run an skewer through them to keep them flat; pepper and broil over a clear fire. Sprinkle with salt, put a bit of butter on each and serve on a hot dish.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PUDDING.—Boil one pint of rich milk, add half a teacupful of butter, one teacupful of sugar and three ounces of grated chocolate; let it boil, and when cool add the whites of four eggs; pour this in a pudding dish lined with slices of sponge cake and bake; cover with meringue and let it brown. Eat with lemon sauce.

AN EXCELLENT CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of butter, one and a quarter pounds of sugar, ten eggs, one-half gill of sherry wine, one-half gill of rose water, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of mixed ground cinnamon and cloves. Beat the butter and sugar to a very light cream, then add the wine and rose water. Whisk the eggs until thick, add and beat them into the butter and sugar by degrees; then add and stir in the flour gradually, and then the spices. Beat all well together for ten minutes, and bake in square pans lined with buttered paper, and in a moderate oven. When done, score powdered sugar over the top.

CREAM PIE.—Stir to a cream one tablespoonful of butter and one-half cup of sugar; add two beaten eggs, one ta-

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

Some Official Tests of Baking Powders.—Showing their Comparative Strength and which is Most Economical.

The below tabulated statements are extracts from public tests of baking powders, made to ascertain their relative value in practical use in baking. The powder containing the largest amount of available leavening gas (excluding the alum and phosphate powders) not only produces the finest, most delicious and wholesome food, but is the most economical in use.

United States Government Chemist. Professor Edward G. Love, found the comparative strength of the powders named as follows:

Guide in Gas per oz. Powder.

Royal.....127.1

Patented Alum Powder.....127.6

Dr. Price's.....127.6

Horsford's (not Fresh).....84.3

China (Alum Powder).....116.9

Cleveland's.....110.9

Sea Foam.....107.0

Dr. Price's.....102.6

Massachusetts State Analysts found the strength of several baking powders as follows:

Guide in Gas per oz. Powder.

Royal.....136.65

Cleveland's.....119.92

Sea Foam.....113.12

Dr. Price's.....102.24

Horsford's.....99.24

Congress.....99.86

Tests by Professor McMurrin, late Chemist in Chief, U. S. Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C. Ca. in Gas per oz. Powder.

Royal.....136.65

Cleveland's.....119.92

Sea Foam.....113.12

Dr. Price's.....102.24

Horsford's Phosphate.....110.00

It will be noticed that the Royal produces from 17 to 40 per cent. more leavening gas than any other except Dr. Price's.

It is asserted that nearly all the idols now worshipped in India are of English manufacture,

Rev. W. Holland, a Pittsburg pastor, has accumulated 100,000 bugs in the interest of science.

During the past twenty years there have been granted in the United States 328,716 devices.

The Wilmington, N. C., Messenger says Norfolk is the finest seaport on the American Continent.

New York wharfage dues, which go into the City Treasury, amount to \$1,000,000 a year.

Mica Point, Col., is the highest post office in the county, being 12,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Benjamin Franklin's watch is owned by a gentleman of Lancaster, Penn., who says it still keeps good time.

The yield of corn in the United States in 1858 was 2,000,000,000 bushels, or thirty-two bushels to each inhabitant.

Illiteracy is increasing more rapidly among the white citizens of Louisiana than among the colored citizens.

Foreigners are said to have bought up all the walnut trees in the Lebanon and Schuylkill Valleys in Pennsylvania.

One hundred and five collieries are open in India, says the London Truth, and in 1858 1,400,000 tons of coal were mined.

There were only 254 daily newspapers in the country in 1850, only 871 in 1860, but 271 in 1870, 981 in 1880 and 1,153 in 1888.

More oranges, lemons, bananas, figs and raisins are consumed in the United States than in any other country in the world.

The morphine craze is growing. A Portland, Maine, manufacturer has made and sold 25,000 hypodermic needles since 1858.

There are said to be about a dozen negro physicians in Brooklyn, some of whom have been in active practice for fully forty years.

An Australian boy was sent to Sunday school, and instead of going thither he went in bathing and was bitten in two by a shark.

Kerosene freezes solid in Dakota, and it is as much a part of the domestic economy to melt the cake of kerosene as it is to wash the dishes.

In one day last week 180 alligator hides were brought into Fort Ogden, Fla., for sale. There is money in the saurian, and the massacre goes on.

The Pennsylvania railroad system makes the creditable record of losing only three pieces of baggage out of 5,000,000 pieces handled in 1858.

It has been calculated that not less than twenty millions of meteors, each large enough to be visible as a "shooting star," enter our atmosphere daily.

State Geologist Brauner of Arkansas reports that the people of eight counties of that Commonwealth are walking about over a deposit of coal worth at least \$2,750,000 each.

PAUL LEAF LACE.

Cast on 10 stitches and knit across plain.

1st row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit rest plain.

2nd row—Knit plain to last 4 stitches, over twice, seam 2 together, knit rest plain.

3rd row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit rest plain.

4th row—Knit plain to last 4 stitches, over twice, seam 2 together, knit rest plain.

5th row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit rest plain.

6th row—Over twice, seam 2 together, knit 1, over, narrow, over 3 times, narrow, over twice, seam 2 together.

7th row—Over twice, seam 2 together, knit 1, over, narrow, over twice, seam 2 together.

8th row—Over twice, seam 2 together, knit 1, over, narrow, over twice, seam 2 together.

9th row—Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, over twice, seam 2 together, knit rest plain.

